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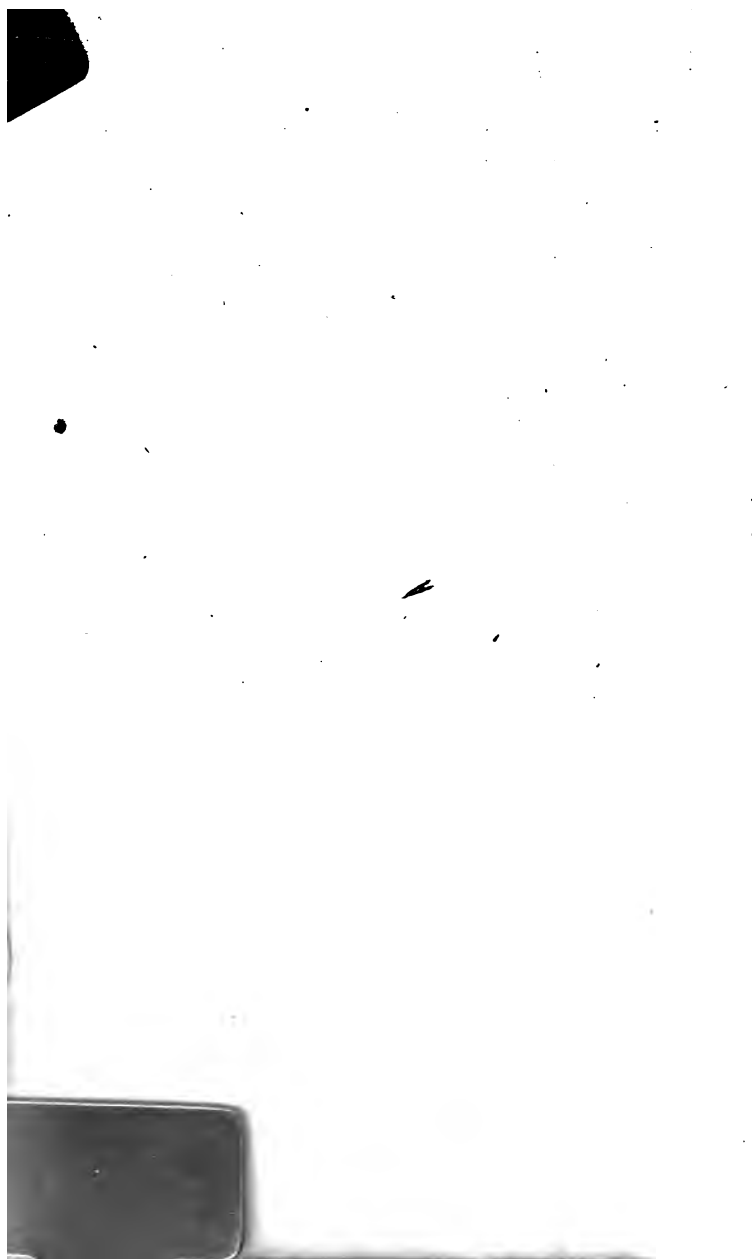
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—
1813.



Teesdale
Garland

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A TOUR
IN
TEESDALE.

A
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IN
T E E S D A L E;

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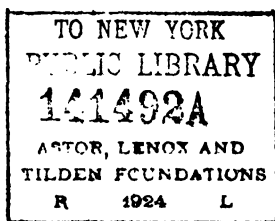
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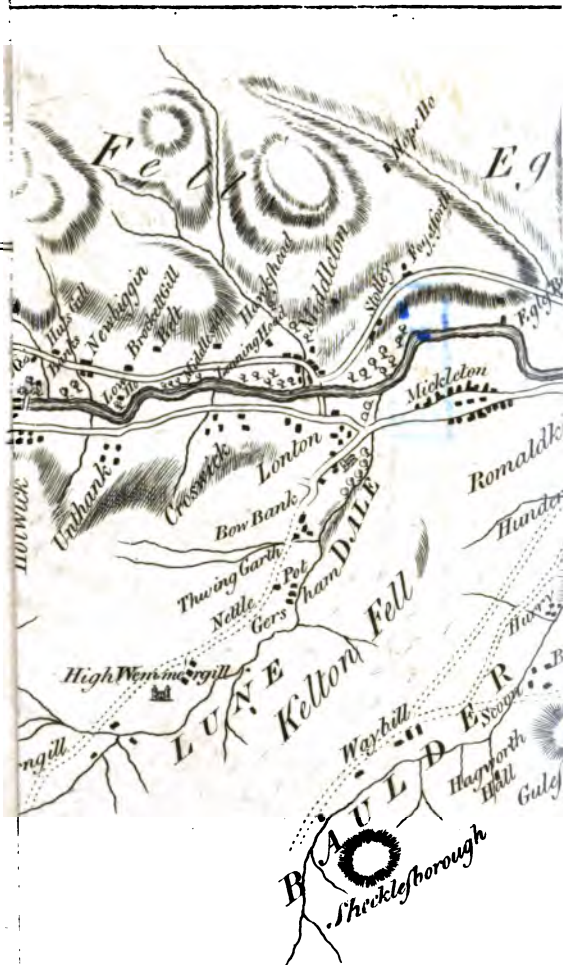
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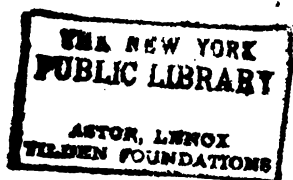


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This is a detailed historical map of the Barnard Castle area in Northumberland. The map shows the River Tyne flowing through the center, with numerous villages and towns labeled, including Stott Green, Barnard Castle, and Bowes. The River Tyne is depicted with a winding path, and the surrounding landscape is marked with various hills and fields. The map also shows the River Tyne flowing into the North Sea at the bottom. The map is oriented with North at the top.



TOUR IN TEESDALE.

Wash. Univ. Lib. 26 Apr. 1924 (pined with)
FROM the Lakes to the mountains of Wales;
from the Cambrian hills to the Highlands of
Scotland, (with very rare deviations from
the accustomed stages,) we attend every
Traveller, whom fashion, or the view of
reimbursement, induces to journalize. If
the varieties of season and weather happen
to present some of the component parts of
a favourite scene, under a new aspect; or
the casual incidents of a journey occasion-
ally relieve the descriptive labour of the
volume, in the way of episode, we have
gratefully acknowledged its additional in-

terest; and, if the notitiæ of a well-stored "*Pocket-Book*" are judiciously interspersed, our entertainment also. The communication of new fields of observation and interest, is another thing. Not many will encounter the difficulties of traversing a rude and unfrequented country, for the chance of discovering a retired natural curiosity, which few would afterwards visit, till rendered more accessible; and those who would lead the way, meet a discouraging obstacle to their inquiries, in the scantiness of information, almost on the very spot. It is by a very slow and gradual progress, that the wild graces of Nature are won to the enjoyment of Taste.

When the wonders of Keswick, and the "Imperial Lake of Patrick's Dale" were so long neglected, we cannot be surprised that the beauties of many a remote and lovely tract of "*this fair land,*" yet remain to be

explored. With regret the Rambler will often remember the pathetic apostrophe of Gray, when recording the virtues of the village-heroes*, and confess, that here too the affecting application will be just.

From whatever cause it is that the beauties of Teesdale have been hitherto concealed, they have powerful claims on the Philosopher and the Painter that ought to be discussed. Having once resided in that country, I cannot resist an inclination to communicate to others an acquaintance with those delicious scenes, in the contemplation of which I have often been so exquisitely gratified, that, even now, I delight in their recollection. In retracing my wandering steps, I shall not feel less pleasure in the occupation itself, than in the hope of inducing others to pursue them. En-

* "Full many a flower," &c.

gaged in business or in pleasure—far removed from any resembling objects—in the bustle of the streets, or the quiet of the parlour—the fairy picture of some of the wonderful recesses of Teesdale, brought to “my mind’s eye,” will often recall an emotion as full and tranquillizing, as that which they produced, when first presented to the sight:—*Sed*,—“*dulcia linquimus arva!*”—My design is, by tracing the leading and most prominent features of particular scenes, and by such notices as may excite attention, to give Teesdale its due place and character in picturesque scenery; and to induce the Naturalist, as well as the Tourist, to explore a country almost new to their different pursuits. Beyond this, I profess only to be their guide; leading where they may be gratified, by the most commodious routes and modes of travelling, and facilitating their views by slight topographical information alone.

The best season for visiting the Lakes has been represented to be July and August; and as the weather is then most settled, in some respects it may, though the greater heat of those months is an objection; but, I apprehend, that the most pleasure is to be derived from excursions into picturesque countries in the Autumn. The rich and quick succession of shade afforded by the atmospheric medium of the season, heightening the effect of the variety of colour assumed by the changing verdure, and mellowing with the most delicate tints every object in Nature, gives a tone of interest to both near and distant scenery, which the clear light of summer presents in equal glare, without other relief than that of perspective, and by oppressing the eye, exhausts the mind.

One great superiority which this season seems to possess over all the others, is, in a

sort of union of the enjoyments of all. After passing the day in rambling through the fields and woods, with all the ease and convenience, but without the burning heats of summer, entertained the while with objects as engaging as those of spring; to add to these, in the same round of hours, the homelike pleasures of a Winter's evening, is a stretch of enjoyment, if not the greatest possible, one of the most chastened and refined, in the catalogue of human felicity.

The body, too, in Autumn, is braced by the pureness of the atmosphere, and imparts to the mind an unusual elasticity, that fits it for embracing every object and occurrence in all its bearings, and seeks, as it were, with melting proneness, to derive from each a congenial emotion. To a philosophic traveller, every change of this season produces a concomitant delight. To a serious one, what abundant sources of

reflection! The cheerful groupes, which, employed in rural occupations, animate the fields, prevent any depression of spirit which the sickly aspect of the fading year alone might occasion; and while the tear of pleasure fills the eye in contemplating the *beauties* of Nature, can it fail that the heart should swell with grateful feelings to the GOD of Nature, for his *bounties* equally apparent? Even the rude blast of the mountain storm, that scatters the waving honours of the wood, or drives the loaded clouds on the remote and friendless heath, speaks to the internal sense, not in terror, but in majesty. If the brilliant verdure and daisied meads of Spring awake the more tender and sentimental affections; the sparkling dew, and the fine-drawn web of the Gossamer* in an Autumn morn, will,

111.

1 * " The fine nets which oft we woven see

" Of scorched dew."

SPENSER.

of themselves alone, often attract the mind to a more useful and superior train of thought. In Spring and Summer we feel but a diversity of one sentiment in viewing the glories of Creation—that of joy; and reluctantly, if ever, allow the intrusion of an apprehensive fear for the *duration* of their pleasures, or of one thought above them.—In Autumn, we unite that sentiment with others more expansive; the *future*, as well as the *present*, at once strike our senses,—and less independent in its enjoyments, the mind is more easily led to their great and benevolent SOURCE. With the decay of Nature, amid all her beauty, we sometimes associate the thought of our own dissolution, and the instability of our very best enjoyments: and with the prospect of her resuscitation, the consideration of that *we* expect, and for which we can be prepared only by *doing well*.

Thus a Tour in Autumn may be equally useful and pleasant; and, after a few weeks spent in this rational and interesting relaxation, our nerves will be invigorated, our minds stored with knowledge, and our dispositions improved and softened.—From the season and the scenes of Autumn, alike, the soul acquires that serious and solemn, though not melancholy, tone, which is the best fitted for both enjoyment and reflection.

“ O’er all the soul the sacred influence breathes,

“ Inflames imagination, through the breast

“ Infuses every tenderness, and far

“ Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.”

THOMSON.

We seem to gain a firmness, that teaches us to look as we ought on what we possess; to enjoy, without fearing to lose; and an energy that prepares us for action, to contemplate our duties in our very pleasures. The sensation of the sublime (occa-

sions and incitements for which are more frequently presented in this season—It is itself sublime!) elevates us above our nature, or more properly our common state of mind; and inspires us with that correspondent dignity of sentiment, that generous confidence, which persuades us we are capable of greater and better things than we act, and elicits every great and good resolve.

I am the more inclined to recommend the Tour of Teesdale in Autumn, because the costume of its scenery is in general wood, and gently swelling, but diversified, elevations; and therefore acquires a considerable addition of beauty towards the fall of the leaf: and the highlands not possessing either the towering height or abruptness of the Westmoreland and Cumberland mountains, the weather continues much longer favourable. To accommodate the

favourite time of visiting the Lakes, however, this country might be seen on the return from them, beginning at Bowes, and reversing the following route*.

~~—————~~
 * I cannot forbear intruding upon the Reader, (if intrusion it can be called, except as too much may have been already worse said upon the subject,) the following beautiful Sonnet by Sir SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES:

TO OCTOBER.

O LOV'D October ! still my vacant day,
 As thou return'st, in rural sweets shall fly !
 Mid yellow fields ; mid woods of tawny dye,
 Whose fragrant leaves about my pathway play ;
 By russet hedges, all thy morns I'll stray :
 And round the cheerful fire in converse high.
 With choicest spirits meet, when o'er the sky
 Soft social evening draws her mantle grey.
 Nor will we cease, till midnight's reign profound,
 The sweet communion of the fleeting hour ;
 While blasts that yet but weakly whistle round,
 Urge to enjoy the moment in our power ;
 Warning of Winter-days in tumult drown'd,
 Far from the quiet of the rural bower.

Forms by Sir S. E. BRYDGES.

THE TRACT comprised in the following Tour, extends from Catterick-Bridge, on the Carlisle road, to the north-western extremity of Yorkshire; comprising a portion of the southern boundary of the County Palatine of Durham; and following the course of the Tees, towards its source in the mountain of Cross Fell, in Cumberland.

At a short distance from Catterick-Bridge, near a public-house called Cittadella, a road branching from Leeming-Lane on the left, leads along the steep and undulating banks of the Swale, through Brompton to Richmond. Near Richmond, towards the river, is Eastby House, the seat of Cuthbert Johnson, Esq.; and close to it, the Ruins of Eastby Abbey, a monastery of the Cistercian order. The first view of Richmond, its castle, church, and elevated scite covered with respectable buildings, and backed

by high and brown moorlands, is particularly striking; every step increases the traveller's admiration and expectation: and no where can these impressions be better supported.

Richmond was given by the Conqueror to his nephew, and afterwards son in law, Alan, having been the estate of the Earl Edwin. It is situate on the north side of the Swale, upon the summit of a precipitous rock of vast height. The Castle, which now belongs to the Lenox family, and gives its chief his English ducal title, is of great extent, and appears to have been of immense strength. The Keep or Donjon is yet existing; and at the base of the buildings runs a walk of convenient breadth, commanding a succession of the most pleasing views. To the left, the ivy-covered walls of Eastby Abbey, opposite to which are the ruins of the Nunnery of St. Agatha;

to the right, the house and grounds of Mr. Yorke, and beyond these the mountains of Swale Dale.

On the road from Richmond to Gillingham, on the right, a kind of tower or observatory, invites contemplation of the surrounding scenery. A vast prospect, extending over the whole vale of Mowbray from York to Roseberry Topping in length, and bounded by the Hambleton and Howardian Hills, and the Wolds on the east and south, is full of richness, grandeur, and variety. Except that the Thames and Windsor bias the mind to a national feeling, and that local and historical circumstances touch the territory with a fairy charm, I should prefer this Richmond to that in Surrey, whose beauty has been so much and so justly praised. From this situation, or the Race-Ground to the north-west of the Town, may be seen York and Durham Cathedrals.

A little farther to the left is Aske-Hall, the seat of Lord Dundas; and on entering Gilling, on the right, are seen the pleasing grounds of Sedbury, belonging to Sir Robert D'Arcy Hildyard. Gilling is a considerable village, but presents nothing worthy of particular notice.

From hence, by Hartforth, the seat of Sheldon Cradock, Esq. and where the late lamented Master of the Charter-House, Dr. Raine, was born, the road re-enters the turnpike, which leaving the great north road about four miles from Catterick, passes over Gatherley-Moor to Greta-Bridge. On Gatherley-Moor was a Roman station, and many remains of antiquities of various periods have been discovered. The remarkable conical eminence, called Didderdale-Hill, has much the appearance of a tumulus, but still more of those artificial mounts frequent in the northern parts of the king-

dom, and known by the appellation of "Laws," from whence probably justice was administered. On the declivities of the hills to the south, may be seen several villages, particularly Ravensworth, once the seat of the Fitzhughs, the ruins of whose baronial Castle still exist, and mark the opulence of that once powerful family; whose domains extended from hence to the confines of Westmoreland, a distance of nearly forty miles.

Near the junction of the road with the Carlisle road, and on the right of the latter, is West Layton, the seat of Lord Rokeby. This place was the residence of the father of the celebrated Mrs. Montague, and from hence many of the earliest of her lively and intelligent letters were dated.

Greta-Bridge is a most agreeable place for a temporary summer residence. All the

neighbouring rides and walks are pleasing; it is not inconveniently situated for the Moors, in the Grouse season; and every part of the proposed Tour might be easily taken from thence by way of daily excursion.—Wensley Dale, Swale Dale, and the remarkable works of Mr. Hall, at the Arkengarthdale mines, are within a convenient distance, and well worth visiting.

In the beautiful field behind the inn, (the Morritt's Arms,) more than one object of pleasure or curiosity repays a frequent stroll. The river, confined to a fissure-like channel, in a solid bed of rock, marks the impetuous course of many a torrent; and though so narrow as in most places to be crossed without difficulty, is from five to six or seven feet deep. The fine transparency of the stream, its amber colour, and rapid but silent course; the beauty of the

banks, shaded with oaks; and the rocks and rich hanging-wood which terminate the vista up the river, make this walk highly romantic. Your progress on this side is soon impeded by a truly noble piece of rock, the picturesque beauty of which cannot be surpassed. Returning to the wood, ascend the hill in the foot-path to Barningham, till you gain the precipices that overhang the river: return by the horse-road, and in the descent is a most enchanting prospect over the adjacent country. A little higher towards Barningham, the view is perhaps most extensive; but from this place it is incomparably more beautiful.—The bridge, with its two handsome inns, backed by the deep groves of Rokeby, over which you just see the old Tower of Mortham Hall rear its venerable head—the surrounding country, (indebted for a highly ornamental effect to

the taste of the late Sir T. Robinson and Mr. Tunstall,) and the noble grounds of Raby in the distance, form altogether such an assemblage of objects in the most finished beauty, as are rarely collected in one picture.

Behind the George, (the inn on the opposite side of the bridge,) is a Roman camp, near which passes the road to Brignal, about a mile from Greta Bridge. In the valley by the river side, in a situation of that sequestered and tranquil kind "where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells," stands the Church. The scene is not unlike nor inferior to that of Kirkdale, near Kirby Moorside; but the venerable antiquity of the latter, impresses the mind with sentiments of more solemn character. Where every natural object is calculated to excite a religious melancholy, and every light and frivolous thought melts before

the overflowing sense of "the present Deity," the reflection, that centuries before, nay almost in the dawn of that revelation which gives hope and end to devotion, our Saxon ancestors participated in correspondent emotions, must surely increase the force and effect of our sensations!

From Greta Bridge, an agreeable circuit may be made by Scargill, the ruins of whose castle overlook the Greta; and from Rutherford Bridge, near which are some curious caverns in the limestone-rock, to Barnard Castle. Whether these excavations are natural, or have been made for the material, or any other purpose, is not certain; but tradition says they were inhabited by outlawed robbers*.

* "To rapine once a refuge gave."

Rokeby Park, the seat of Mr. Morritt, the entrance to which is at the foot of Greta Bridge, cannot be passed without a visit. The needle-work, imitating paintings, in rival excellence with the celebrated productions of Miss Linwood; and many curious antiques collected in the vicinity, will attract the fair and the antiquary. The beauty of the place will do more than that for the tourist; whilst to the lover of poetry, Rokeby, immortalized by the strains of SCOTT, will be for ever dear. If, however, the enthusiast should expect to see the extensive hall of a Feudal Chief, he will be disappointed. The hand of far other times marks the abode of "the Knight of Rokeby."

The present residence was built by Sir Thomas Robinson, but has not a very pleasing or elegant appearance; the façade being disproportioned in its parts, and

the whole of the basement much too low. The object of the architect has evidently been to gain the noble drawing-room on the second floor; to which not only the height of the lower apartments, but the size of those adjoining (and, of course, much real ease and convenience) have been sacrificed. The approach to the house is well contrived. The road leads through an avenue into the park, and, gently sweeping to the right, is brought along an extremely fine range of lofty trees, in a graceful bend, to the top of a rising ground, where the house is first seen. The grounds are well laid out, and afford many delightful walks: that called the Rock-walk, under a precipice by the brawling Greta, is particularly pleasant.

“ A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
 As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode I
 Bro'ld shadows o'er their passage fell,
 Deeper and narrower grew the dell;

It seemed some mountain, rent and riven,
 A channel for the stream had given,
 So high the cliffs of limestone grey
 Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
 Yielding along their rugged base,
 A flinty foot-path's niggard space ;
 Where he who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
 May hear the headlong torrent rave,
 And like a steed in frantic fit
 That flings the froth from curb or bit,
 May view her chafe her waves to spray,
 O'er every rock that bars her way ;
 Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
 Thick as the schemes of human pride,
 That down life's current drive amain,
 As frail, as frothy, and as vain.
 The cliffs, that rear the haughty head
 High o'er the river's darksome bed,
 Were now all naked, wild, and grey,
 Now waving all with greenwood spray ;
 Here trees to every crevice clung,
 And o'er the dell their branches hung ;
 And there all splintered and uneven,
 The shivered rocks ascend to heaven ;

On too the ivy swathed their breast,
 And wreathed its garland round their crest ;
 Or from the spires bade loosely flare
 Its tendrils in the middle air.
 As pennons went to wave of old
 O'er the high feast of Baron bold,
 When revelled loud the feudal rout,
 And the arched halls return their shout—
 Such and more wild is Greta's roar,
 And such the echoes from her shore,
 And so the ivied banners gleam,
 Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream."

Rocheby, Canto 2d.

A small tea-room, fitted up with exquisite taste, and a rude and apparently ancient bridge of one arch, decorate this truly romantic spot.—Glimpses of Mortham Tower on one side, and of the ruins of an Abbey on the other, are caught in different points, both from the house and the grounds ; and, upon the whole, though the place is small, it is full of beauty, and possesses more at-

tractions for the casual visitor, than many others of more extent; and greater pretensions. It should not be forgotten, that the late Mr. MASON was a frequent inmate at Rokeby; and probably, by his correct and chaste judgment, it has been saved from tawdry and fantastic embellishments. It is his Practical "English Garden," where

Art is called

Only to second Nature, and supply

All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn,

The first Book of that Work contains so many striking circumstances belonging to Rokeby, that one would be tempted to suppose, that the poet had it in his eye when he wrote. If this conjecture be correct, few places in the kingdom better deserve the distinction of "classic ground."

Having borrowed a wild Minstrel's description of the sublime horrors of the

environs, I may be allowed to accompany it with a picture of the interior beauties of this charming place, touched with the chastened polish of a milder muse, in a style of as strong contrast as his subject.

“ And yet, my Albion ! in that fair domain
Which Ocean made thy dowry, when his love
Tempestuous tore thee from reluctant Gaul,
And bad thee be his Queen, there still remains
Full many a lovely unfrequented wild,
Where change like this is needless ; where no lines
Of hedge-row, avenue, or of platform square
Demand distinction. In thy fair domain,
Yes, my lov'd Albion ! many a glade is found
The haunt of wood-gods only : Where if art
E'er dar'd to tread ; 'twas with unsandal'd feet
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes, where, tho' she whilom trod,
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
Her footsteps with delight ; and pleas'd reverse
What once we should have hated. But to Time,

Not her, the praise is due : his gradual touch
 Has moulder'd into beauty many a tow'r,
 Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
 Was only terrible ; and many a fane
 Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,
 Serv'd but to feed some pamper'd Abbot's pride,
 And awe th' unletter'd vulgar. Generous youth,
 Whoe'er thou art, that listens to my lay,
 And feel'st thy soul assent to what I sing,
 Happy art thou if thou can'st call thine own
 Such scenes as these ; *where Nature and where Time*
Have work'd congenial ; where a scatter'd host
Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills ;
While, rustling thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
More happy still, if one superior rock
Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
Of some old Norman fortress ; happier far,
Ah ! then most happy, if thy vale below
Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
Some mouldering abbey's ivy-vested wall."

THE ENGLISH GARDEN, Ed. 1781.

The western entrance to Rokeby-park (which has been built from an elegant design brought from Italy by Mr. Morritt) opens upon the Barnard Castle road, and presents a coup d'œil of Teesdale, and its stately capital. Take the gate immediately on the right, and proceed through a shady lane on the banks of the Tees, past what seems to have been the scite not only of the ancient mansion, but of a sacred edifice, from the numerous tombstones of its inhabitants yet visible, to the confluence of the Greta, below the Tea-room Bridge; after passing which, the road inclines to the left, across an extensive pasture, in which stands the sad remains of Mortham-Hall. Whether the ill-fated Mortham is the fictitious being of Mr. SCOTT's creation, or some disastrous tale of like import has been attached to the place called by this name, it bears the gloom of age and sorrow in its desolate appearance; and to this day

the reported terrors of a supernatural
~~visitant~~ alarm its inmates*.

The ride continues over pleasant fields,
 skirted by the Tees, to a shrubby hill,
 from the top of which is a delightful retro-
 spect. Nearly opposite to Thorpe, a house
 of Mr. Cradock's, is Whorlton, a pretty
 village on the summit of a lofty and per-
 pendicular rock on the Durham side of the
 river, below the brink of which is a petrify-
 ing spring, of considerable strength.

* Mr. SCOTT is not the first poet who has selected Rokeby
 as his scene of action. It has before been recorded in the
 pride of song. A work intituled "Teesa, a descriptive Poem,"
 several years since gave Uther Pendragon "a local habitation"
 here, if not "a name;" and the author using the utmost
 license of the "eye in a fine frenzy rolling, glances" from
 the flights of Merlin to the domestic work of the dairy.

A mile beyond, near the road, is Wycliffe, from which are many fine views both up and down the Tees. This place was formerly the estate of the ancestors of the great reformer Wickliff, who was born here; but at present belongs to the catholic family of Constable, of Burton Constable, in Holderness. Mr. Tunstall, one of its late possessors, had a valuable collection of MSS. and a museum of natural curiosities at the mansion, which are now probably in the excellent library at the latter place.

At Winston-bridge, you at once enter the county of Durham, and the more picturesque portion of the Banks of the Tees, to which the noble arch of this bridge (111 feet in the span), with the romantic situation of the village, affords no unappropriate introduction. The remainder of the river's course to the sea, is not

without great and striking charms; but here the line of the sublime and the beautiful in its accompaniments is distinctly drawn; and the strong masculine features of the mountain torrent, begin to soften in the milder attributes of a commercial stream, naturally less interesting, but consequentially more important.

Pursue the Darlington road to Gainford, a handsome town resembling many of those in the south, and the residence of several who have sought retirement from the busy scenes of life. The parish of Gainford is extensive, within which Barnard Castle, the capital of Teesdale, is merely a chapelry. Return a quarter of a mile to Selaby, an elegant villa of the Earl of Darlington's; and ride through the tasteful grounds, presenting the most delightful variety of prospect, to Staindrop, originally a regal possession, having belonged to Canute the Great. The monu-

ments in the church of Staindrop are well deserving attention from the sculptor and the antiquary.

Raby Castle, whose embattled appearance will have excited the curiosity of the traveller on his road from Selaby, is the seat of the earl of Darlington, and was once the baronial mansion of the powerful Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. This is one of the most perfect remains in the kingdom of the style of building in feudal times. The Danish monarch is said to have been the founder of this magnificent pile, which is by no means improbable, for certainly it has claims to remote antiquity. It was castellated by license in the 14th century, and seems to have belonged antecedently to the Bulmers; by one of whom it may have been repaired or enlarged; the letters **B B** appearing upon a tower of remarkable structure, and from which a

bas relief in stone, of a bull bearing the insignia of Neville, was sometime since removed to the farm-house in the park. Another tower bears the denomination of Clifford's Tower; but from what occasion does not appear. On the forfeiture of the estates of the sixth Earl of Westmoreland, who was party to a conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth, this princely domain came to the ancestor of the present family. The upper hall is in its original state, such as it was, (except as to its furniture,) with the gallery of the minstrels, when 700 knights, who held of the baron, attended in it to do him homage. Its extent produces that grand and imposing effect on the imagination, which at once recalls the manners of past times, and almost comprehends, in the picture before you, that of the illustrious dead, in all their martial accoutrements, and attendant trains, performing the impressive solemnity.—The

lower, or entrance-hall, (equally striking in its kind,) was rebuilt by the late Earl. Visitors of the family, after passing under several gloomy gateways, are set down here from their carriages at the drawing-room door. The sight of this hall, when lighted for the reception of company, and the uncommon mode of introduction, is inconceivably magnificent. The prospect from the south front is rich and extensive; but this is more fully unfolded in going through the park to the farm-house. From thence across the extremity of Langley Dale, (a sweet pastoral valley,) there is a good road over the moor to Barnard Castle.

The park and grounds near the Castle are extremely beautiful, and the former abounds in variety, both within and without its confines: The adjoining farms being chiefly occupied for grazing, and the turf preserved for a drive, this is the most de-

lightful part of the day's excursion*; but, without permission, the tourist must return to Staindrop, and be content with the pack-horse travelling of a turnpike. From the turnpike-house, however, the disappointment is in some degree compensated, by a pleasing view of the village of Staindrop, with the park and castle of Raby, and their majestic back-grounds almost as advantageously presented as from the grounds at Selaby. In addition may be seen part of the wild park at Streatlam; the top of whose castle is just discernible in the valley to the right.

Streatlam Castle alone affords no particular subject of curiosity or admiration.

* This circuit from Greta Bridge to Barnard Castle is about twenty miles.

The situation seems to have been chosen from no motive of preference, except its having been the site of a former erection. It is low, and so gloomy and secluded, as to appear as well adapted as even Udolpho itself for the perpetration of any crime; and was as admirably chosen for those attempted to be executed in it by the notorious husband of the late Lady Strathmore, to whose family it belongs. As the actual scene of a siege so late as the year 1784, no other castle in these happy realms has equal celebrity. For several days the house was surrounded by thousands of peasants and colliers in arms, who lighted fires during the night, and in every respect maintained a strict blockade. "*The birds, however, were flown;*" and the celebrated passage over the mountains into Stainmoor, prevented the capture of the castle by storm.

Few men have displayed such versatility of talent as the late A. R. S. Bowes; and if turned into a channel where legitimate ambition would have directed its course, he might have been a great man. A mind ever ready in resources, perhaps more characteristic of cunning than courage, but which (from the traditions of the country, still more the authentic testimony of his trial) could range from the meanest stratagem to the boldest outrage; from the paltry trick of a fall from his horse, (by which a pretended inward damage was counterfeited,) and the artful use of currant-jelly, to the carrying off, in broad day, in one of the most public streets of the metropolis, a lady of high rank, in defiance of the warrant of the Chief Justice of England, with her immediate protector, an officer of the army;—marked a man, whose history would, if fully detailed, afford the highest entertainment to the reader of

romance, and instruction to the moralist.

The Tourist's head-quarters, for two or three days, will be at Barnard Castle. Take a morning's walk into the Flats, an elevated plain to the north of the town, forming a natural terrace towards the Tees, and commanding a view of several miles in extent *. The ruins of the castle, and the old bridge are here seen with admirable effect, and harmonize in a most charming manner. On the other side of the rapid Tees, is the beautiful scattered village of

* At the south-east corner of this field are the remains of a work called "*the Ever*," which has been supposed to have been a reservoir for conducting water by pipes into the castle.—But query, the *protection* of this reservoir, which is placed so much above the level of the castle, and at so great a distance? The place is curious, but I pretend to make no conjecture as to its origin or use.

Startforth; (or Street-Ford, on the Roman road from Binchester to Bowes;) and to the west, a woody winding valley is terminated to the Tees by a small bridge, a mill, and a dwelling-house in a grove of trees; and to the moors, at the distance of four miles, by a bold crag, crowned with a few stunted weather-beaten firs. To the north-west is Lartington Hall, (an old house, but in this, and some other points of view, a pleasing structure,) beyond which are the distant hills, near the river's source—a scene worthy of the pencil of a Claude, to whose style the whole landscape is closely approximate!—When you reach the tangled dell at the end of the terrace, wind down a small track to the rivulet, and take the road through a fine hanging wood by the Tees side, to a small inclosure, part of an ancient park, in the true character of Shakespeare's forest scenes, where his outlaws revel and his fairies sport, Keep the

river, and you will gain a most truly solemn and sequestered spot, completely closed in by wood, and undisturbed by any sound, but the remotely dashing water. The rude forms of the venerable oaks that skirt the old moss-covered wall of the inclosure, beneath which you stand; the noble height of the opposite hill, covered to the top with lofty trees; the glassy smoothness of the river at your feet; and the scattered masses of rock in its channel, impress you with delicious awe. Ascend the hill, and go through a ploughed field, along a carriage-road, to a thatched helm or shed, in a little wild coppice, (by themselves a pleasing picture,) and you will here enjoy a most enchanting scene; but seek for a small oak beyond, near a serpentine path, rather below the summit of the hill, on the brow of the bend of the river, and you command at once a view each way. I shall not pretend to describe

the pen and pencil must alike fail in the attempt.—The local peculiarities of the situation, the elevation of the spectator, and the different directions of the prospect, seem to render the art of the painter, or the powers of colours, inadequate to its delineation, in one composition. And, if so, *verbal* description must be incompetent to represent its character. A full exactness of description, though clothed with the magic eloquence of a SCOTT, or the charming detail of a RADCLIFFE, when applied to natural scenes, fails to convey an accurate idea to the mind, of the truth, if not the beauty, of landscape. It is often tedious; if repeated, monotonous; and always injurious (either from being overcharged, or minutely adventitious or momentary circumstances) to the effect of a future personal examination.—That such a situation has never been made choice of for a distant pleasure-ground to Raby,

(and which alone is wanted to make that place the first and most interesting seat in the kingdom,) is wonderful. The expense would be comparatively trifling. The whole of the walk from Barnard Castle is a natural terrace for near two miles, with the greatest variety of prospect. A few walks, in different directions through the woods, an opening here and there in particular situations; one or two well-fancied buildings as objects, with a banqueting-room at this very point, would be all that is wanting to make this the rival of any other place of the kind in the kingdom. Even the charming Rivaulx *, in my mind supreme till I saw this place, is beneath it in variety of natural advantages: The ruined abbey there is all that

* Near Helmsley, a terrace belonging to Duncombe Park, in the North-Riding of Yorkshire.

could be envied. How much is it to be regretted, that so little attention is generally paid to the hints of Nature, by the proprietors of her beauties, though she spreads them out with the most boundless luxuriance to court it; even with the additional prospect of lucrative advantage!

A little farther, by the river side, is a most excellent chalybeate spring, equal, if not superior, to the Harrogate. A small expense might protect this spring from the floods; and a well-built, though not a large inn, would afford sufficient accommodation to establish its credit. There seems to be no insurmountable difficulty to making it something more than this. The fashionable and agreeable Gillsland is equally remote. The force of such an introduction as that which a nobleman like Lord D. could afford, would soon make it known and frequented. If those improvements I

have just hinted at, were also adopted; it would be hard to name a place every way so proper for the purpose. To the invalid, it would possess every desirable requisite; to the admirer of Nature, it would afford a most interesting residence; and to the harassed man of business, a welcome retreat. Here Dissipation only could not dwell. The native silence of woods and wilds forbid her vicious revels: and may such scenes as this ever be strange to aught but Peace and Innocence*!



* This passage, which formed a note to the first edition, is left untouched. What can be retracted, or what can be said, when the "OAK-BANKS" are *denuded*; the Flats not merely inclosed, but deformed by angular plots on its declivities (before fringed with elegant brush-wood); and the venerable circular tower of Barnard Castle, the pride of Barnard Baliol, the awe of the country, is now debased (as, "Alexander's clay may stop a bung-hole") to a *shot-manufactory*; and is surmounted by a little, mean, modern erection adapted to that purpose!

2d Edit.

The forenoon will be spent in examining the ruins of the castle, and rambling through the town. The former belonged to the Baliols, the bold disputers of the crown of Scotland with the Bruce, and afterwards came into the possession of the Earl of Warwick, the great "King-maker." By his marriage with the heiress of that family, it came to Richard III. who seems to have resided here, and, from the frequency of his insignia, (the Wild Boar,) to have been fond of decorating and embellishing it. It is situated on the top of a steep rock, and has a fine view,

"Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound checks his fierce career,
Condemn'd to mine a channel'd way,
O'er solid sheets of marble gray."

Rokeby, Canto 2.

It must have been a place of considerable strength, and of much service to the country, as the first barrier in this direction to the incursions of the Scots, whose predatory warfare, and the necessary protection of the inhabitants of the country and their cattle, required an area which is larger than that of any other castle in England. From its elevated station, the vast extent of ruin, and the beautiful clotting of ivy on the Round Tower*, with some fretted windows in the wall towards the bridge, it forms a most picturesque ruin.—The town of Barnard Castle was built from the ruins of Marwood, which stood about half a mile from

~~Marwood~~

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* A tower, apparently more ancient than this, and overlooking the flats in a part of the site occupied as a garden, still bears the name of *Brackenbury's Tower*; but why so denominated is not accounted for.

the present town, and of which no trace but an old church, at present a barn, now remains. The removal has probably been after the erection of the castle, which it nearly surrounds. It is large and populous, and not ill built, but evidently marks the later stage of a long and progressive decay, both in its wealth and consequence. It is dirty, and ill paved; but that it should seem to have *right* to be, by virtue of a charter from HUGH BALIOL, who, after generously allowing them to use their own streets, granted to each of its Burgesses, "*capere viam ante ostium suum pro domibus suis edificandis et forum colligere in via ante ostium, usque mediam viam.*"—The market-cross is a handsome edifice; but whether erected under some construction of the powers of this charter or not, I cannot say; but it is directly and inconveniently (as were the

filthy Tolbooth and Shambles) in the *very middle of the way.*

1897
1898

In the church is a curious Font of ~~black~~ marble, said to have been found in the Tees. It is an octagon basin on a ~~stalk~~, and the different compartments are inscribed alternately with characters hitherto undeciphered, and symbols of the Trinity. It is supposed to be very ancient *.

Since the first edition of this Work was published, the Tolbooth and Shambles have been removed, and much improvement made in the paving and cleansing of the streets. The Market Cross has been

* For further information as to the ancient history of Barnard Castle, the inquirer is referred to Mr. Hutchinson's elaborate work, "The History of Durham." Mr. ¹² is a resident of Barnard Castle.

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enclosed, and an iron-railing, and a convenient room erected in the cupola for the accommodation of the magistrates. These alterations have been effected by the liberal exertions of the inhabitants, in a great measure brought forward by the well-known Dr. Edwards, the author of, with other important works, (*Si licet magna dicere cum parvis*), "The Regeneration of Great Britain," published several years ago; and (recently) of "The Resolution of the Crisis, the Consummation of our Happiness and Prosperity, or the Plan and specific Means for the immediate Accomplishment of the Millennium of the Most High," &c. &c.!

Walk in the evening over the Mains, a large pasture on the contrary side of the town, to the Flats, to which you go by the churchyard. Cross it towards the mill, and follow the Tees to the Abbey-bridge.

A segment of the arch is seen, deeply shaded by the hanging woods on each side of the river; which, immediately below, presents an unbroken lake-like surface, but within a hundred yards resumes its rough impetuous character, and foams along over many an impeding rock, towards the bridge. Endeavour to get on the rocks, and pass under the bridge to the distance of about 150 yards, till you are opposite to a large mass of rock in the mid-stream. Then turn round, and, through the majestic arch the ruins of Eglistone Abbey appear like a framed picture. Near this place climb the hill, and return by the fields, to the high-road. As you approach it, you have another, and perhaps the best view of the Abbey, and an extensive and richly diversified country. Go down to the bridge, which looks on two fine avenues of wood and rock both up and down the river; one terminated by the town of

Bernard Castle, and taking in the ruins,
 and a rude bridge over a small rivulet;
 and the other closed by the house at
 Rokeby. Pass the bridge to the Abbey,
 and return by the Yorkshire side and
 Startforth.—Of Eglistone Abbey, (some-
 times called Athelstan's,) the remains are
 few; but of the Choir sufficient to give in-
 terest to every scene in which it is a
 part. In a westerly direction from the
 hamlet, near the Abbey, is Thorsgill, a
 winding vale, of character quite opposite
 to those of Tees or Greta.

“ Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strown,

Might make proud Oberon a throne,

While, hidden in the thicket nigh,

Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly,

And where profuse the wood-veitch clings

Round ash and elm in verdant rings

Its pale and azure-pencilled flower

Should canopy Titania's bower.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade,

But skirting every sunny glade

In fair variety of green,

The woodland lends its sylvan screen."

Rocky, Cantata.

At a gate in the lane, near Startforth, is a station where the Town, with the Castle, Bridge, &c. appear spread before the eye like a map. In a fine sun-set, the inimitable variety, and richness of tint afforded from so many different objects, and from five distinct ranges of hills beyond all these, strike you very forcibly, and give an indescribable charm to a truly noble prospect. The *effect* of a fine landscape, illumined by the evening sun, on a mind of unaffected sensibility;—

"The sigh, the tear, so sweet, we wish not to control,"

the poet alone can be allowed to speak of; and the painter only can do justice to the *cause*.

The next excursion I should propose, is one of much fatigue, and some danger; but the pleasures received from the contemplation of the boldest and most daring of the wild features of Nature, are a rich compensation for the difficulty of enjoying them. Be an early riser, (as indeed, a Tourist who would fully enjoy his object, always must be,) and ride to Middleton-in-Teesdale, twelve miles, to breakfast. The best and pleasantest road is to cross the bridge into Yorkshire, and go by Lartington, Cotherstone, Romaldkirk, and Eggleston, where you re-enter Durham.

Lartington Hall, the late residence of Mr. Maire, (now Sir Henry Lawson, of Brough, near Catterick,) by no means rivals the elegance of Rokeby, or the grandeur of Raby; but possesses that air of comfort and opulence which conveys the full meaning of *home* and *independence*.

Eggleston Hall, belonging to William Hutchinson, Esq. is a handsome building, in a style well suited to so wild a region as surrounds it; and the pleasure grounds to which are most judiciously and tastefully disposed, containing an artificial waterfall of considerable height, and a subterranean walk, which has been blasted in the rock on the river's side. Mr. H. has laid out an extensive and valuable Botanic garden, in the midst of which stands the Church.

The whole road to Middleton possesses a succession of the most delightful prospects, especially at the entrance into Cotherstone,—but from the top of Foggaforth, a high common near Eggleston*, is one of

* This is now inclosed, and in a high state of cultivation.

the most interesting kind. Below, the windings of the Tees, (even here a noble river,) for many miles, through an Arcadian country, chequered in the most agreeable variety, with arable and pasture grounds, trees, villages, and farm-houses, present a very striking contrast to the bleak and barren heaths around you. To the west is a wild and confused heap of mountains, whose dark heads seem to rival each other for superiority: and, eastward, the eye is arrested only by the very distant hills of Hambleton. Directly opposite, the river Lune contributes its stores to the Tees, and affords a long perspective up its pastoral Dale, which may be explored with perfect convenience, from the improved state of the roads and the accommodation of bridges thrown over the brooks: advantages derived from the contiguity of Wemmergill, a favourite shooting box of Lord Strathmore's. —I know no part of Wensleydale, whose

beauties have been highly and justly extolled*, equal to the view I have just mentioned; indeed, in their peculiar character, I believe this is inimitable.—Upon this common, about a mile from the road, is a small druidical circle.—The stranger, unacquainted with mineralogy, should be apprised, that the various abrupt fissures in the summits and sides of the hills, and the occasional discoloration of the waters, are the effects of the practice of "*Hushing*†."

Middleton is a small market-town in the midst of a wild, uncultivated mining region.

* This district is wholly picturesque. Hardraw Scott, Aysgarth-Force, Bolton Hall and Castle, and Jervaulf Abbey, form its more important objects; but throughout it is interesting.

† A mode of seeking and winning the ore, by the sudden application of a collected body of water.

A handsome stone bridge of one arch, eighty feet in diameter, has been lately erected by public subscription over the Tees, and is likely to be of great service, not only to the two counties, which it unites, but also to those of Westmoreland and Lancaster ; it being in contemplation to form a Turnpike road from Brough to Wolsingham, whereby the communication between the eastern and western coasts will be greatly facilitated. This bridge has risen from the ruins of a former one built in 1811, and which in the Winter of that year fell in when nearly completed. A dreadful accident which accompanied it will render the event long memorable in Teesdale. A butcher returning from Middleton market to Mickleton, was induced by curiosity, or some other less laudable motive, to venture beneath it, at a time when its fall was momentarily expected. His wife apprehensive for her husband's fate, most unfortu-

nately shared it in the tender anxiety of dissuading him from the rash attempt. In an instant both were destroyed, in the presence of numerous persons, who had assembled to observe the tottering structure.

At Middleton, horses may be obtained adapted to the present excursion, which by nature and habit possess a kind of art and skilfulness in passing ground, where those used only to smooth and flat roads would founder.

The furthest point of distance from Middleton, in this journey, may not be more than ten miles; but the road is, in general, so indifferent, and there are so many things to attract attention, as to require an absence of perhaps as many hours. The almost impossibility of not getting wet-shod, and the uncertainty of the weather

in these high regions, where there are but three or four days in the year that will excuse a great coat, renders the precaution of taking one, and being provided with some provisions, indispensably necessary.

After passing a little rocky gill, about three miles from Middleton, is a small hamlet, at which leave your horse, and walk over two or three fields to Winch-bridge. This extraordinary structure, which is sixty-three feet long, two feet broad, and fifty feet from the usual level of the Tees, is composed of boards, with a slender railing on each side, and is hung on chains; the breadth of the river, the height of the rocks, and the impetuosity of the floods having been hitherto deemed to prevent the erection of any other kind. It is by no means pleasant to cross this bridge, on account of the swinging motion; but the village of Holwick,

on the other side, is well worth the trouble of visiting, being built on the summit of the lower scar of a vast chasm, in a truly Alpine and terrific scite. This dreary region was, a few years ago, the scene of a horrid murder, which occasioned much interest at the time, but the perpetrators have not been yet discovered*.



* About the end of August, 1802, a party of nine men and two women were passing this bridge to the Durham side from Holwick, most of whom being upon it at the same time, the unusual weight entirely destroyed the balance, and one of the chains being overstrained by a previous inclination to one side, it snapped, the bridge turned over, and three men were thrown into the Tees. One of them was dashed to pieces on the rock; the others falling into the water, were saved. It is a melancholy addition to the circumstance, that he was a young man, was preparing to go to London in a few days to enter into business, and had crossed

At Winch-bridge, a guide will probably offer himself for the remainder of the day; but as they are here little acquainted with the country beyond the High Force, decline taking one till you get to Moor Riggs. The imperfect information to be obtained upon almost the very spot where the object of his research is to be found, has been frequently matter of astonishment to the inquirer. Perhaps, the absence of contrast-

crossed the bridge but a short time before, to see the others at work in a meadow they were mowing. The bridge has been since completely repaired, and is now perfectly safe; but it is reported that the Earl of Strathmore proposes to remove it, and erect a stone bridge on the site, which will probably not inherit its predecessor's title to curiosity and picturesque interest. Perhaps the fatality which has attended the erection of bridges over this part of the Tees,¹ (as if its presiding God resisted and despised control,) may prevent or retard this measure.

ed, as well as the frequent recurrence of the same objects, cause that apparent apathy to the most sublime or beautiful scenery, which is so often remarked amongst those who have lived from infancy in its immediate neighbourhood.

The shepherd, following his flock over the trackless moor, and suddenly arrested by the impetuous torrent,—and the miner, climbing the mountain to his shaft, and skirting the rock, whose shivered sides defy the tempest,—see in each but a stronger line of familiar features. To them, the river rolling its majestic course through even banks, and the verdant glade with surrounding oaks, are alike unknown.

Moor Riggs is a single house by the road side, about two miles from the turn to the bridge, and can be seen from thence. It may be useful to know, that at this place re-

refreshment can be had; and though in a style suited to the situation, and calculated only for the enjoyments of the miner, often welcome to a wet and weary Tourist. A pasture, called the Force Garth, brings you to within a few yards of the Fall, and is by far the best situation for a first sight of it, but dreadful indeed. You suddenly look down upon a cataract, rushing almost under your feet, but at some distance below, over a precipice, (the summit of which whereon you stand, is sixty-three feet from the base*,) in one sheet of foam, shaking the very rocks on which you stand, and stunning the ear with its deafening noise. You may descend by a steep and difficult passage, and take a view of it from the bottom. Here, much of that sublimity which impresses you so forcibly above, is

* The height of the Fall may be fifty-six feet perpendicular.

lost; but it is exchanged for the most chaste and appropriate beauties. The perpendicular rocks on each side of the river are fringed with underwood, and here and there a single yew, or mountain-ash, rise out of their fissures. The river is precipitated before you with a graceful, though perpendicular fall; and a remarkable castle-like rock, (the palace of the Genius of the river,) pushes its bold front forward with the tumbling stream. On the other side of this rock, in time of flood, is another fall, only inferior in breadth to the principal one*.

There is another road to the Force, which is certainly not without its peculiar beauty, but to a carriage, impracticable.

* Near the foot of this Fall is found the beautiful rose called the Burnet Rose.

This is by leaving the road, to which you return from Winch-bridge, at about the distance of half a mile, near a small hamlet, amidst rude unclosed ground in the valley on the left, after passing a plantation. From hence you approach the Fall across a field road, and have a view of it, which may be almost called—a Vignette; the distance reducing its magnitude, whilst every feature retains perfect distinctness, and its appropriate character. This station may be unique in its style, and might well repay a second visit; but from this point, further progress is difficult and dangerous. After leaving the eminence, from which the Fall is seen, the track descends amongst fragments of rock, of considerable size, and through thickets of underwood, almost impervious. The writer was once relieved from much apprehension, when attempting to reach the Force, by this way, on hearing a voice from the hill above directing

his course. This proceeded from a young female belonging the family at Moor Riggs, who had overtaken his party on the road from Middleton, and having learnt or divined their intentions, had, upon their leaving the road, proceeded home to make preparation for them on their return. Knowing the nature of the road, she had kindly run to the brow of the hill to prevent their wandering into danger; and her appearance, on the verge of the precipice, in a warning attitude, her dress and hair floating to the wind, were assimilated to every surrounding object, and made her seem the Cassandra of the moment.

In the course of our conversation with this mountain-nymph, the practice usual at weddings in this country, of riding with the utmost speed from the church-door to the bridegroom's house, was mentioned with some degree of incredulity: when she vo-

luntarily challenged any of the party to gallop from the place where the conversation arose (near Winch-bridge) to Moor Biggs.—A challenge, however ungallantly, not accepted, though the lady set off full speed.

I have seen Lowdore, and am very ready to admit, that its accompaniments are richer and more varied ; but considering Lowdore and the High Force merely as water-falls, (and the style of scenery about each is so different, that they cannot well be compared under any other description,) I do not hesitate to give the preference to the latter. The whole length of Lowdore is certainly greater, but it has no where so much perpendicularity for such a distance ; and the waters of Watenlath will not bear comparison to those of the Tees, collected as they are into one body at this fall. The elegant simplicity of the High Force, and

the whole being brought into one picture, are considerable advantages; but it has one still greater—without the aid of a winter torrent, it has always sufficient water to answer all your expectation, and excite your admiration: at Lowdore, you are most frequently disappointed.

I am not acquainted with the falls of the Clyde; but from the descriptions, if not exaggerated, I am willing to allow them the palm of superiority on a general comparison; though, like Lowdore, that advantage will consist in the particular scenery that surrounds and blends in the same picture with them: and it should be remembered, that these two Falls are so nearly together, as to be scarcely separable in the mind, on a comparison with objects of the same kind. The streams of both are narrow, though the Corra Lynn is *estimated* to be 100, and Stone-Byers 60 feet.—The fall of

Caldron-Lyns, on the Devon, is only 44 feet, and the height of the rock 88, but seems to surpass the former in wildness and sublimity.

Few visitors go further than the High Force, the carriage-road proceeding to Grass Hill, (a shooting box of Lord Darlington's;) a little beyond which is the immense bog called Yad Moss, in St. John's Weardale, between Durham and Northumberland; where the Scottish army escaped in the night by means of boughs thrown upon the swamp, from the blood-thirsty expectation of Edward III. who had been encamped within sight for several days, and watched it as his destined prey. At present it is practicable for light carriages to cross this once almost impassable marsh, and gain the road from Carlisle to Newcastle on Alston-Moor; thus affording the

traveller another route to or from the Lakes.

At the High Force, however, the Tourist will not be content to have his progress stayed, if he aspires

- " To the last summit of the clift to rise ;
- " To touch the sacred ground,
- " Where step of man was never found,
- " And see all Nature's rude domain around."

Return to Moor Riggs, and pursue the road to Grass Hill a mile further, when you turn to the left once more, in quest of the river. Be particular in desiring your guide to take the banks, instead of going, what he will call a nearer road, over the mountain, but which is attended with infinitely more difficulty, and will detain you much longer. The track by the river is pleasanter, on sounder ground, and on the whole tolerable riding. There are, however, three waters to ford this way ; but,

except in floods, there is no danger. The first, the worst of the three, and that which must be passed either way, is Harwood Beck. After this, make directly for the Tees, and go along the Durham shore for three or four miles, soon bidding adieu to every sign of cultivation, or trace of human step, beyond the path on which you ride; (used only by the labourers at the mines and shepherds,) till you are at length entirely hemmed in by rude and barren rocks, of which Cronkley Scar, on the Yorkshire side, is the chief in horrid pre-eminence: Where the river, spreading itself into a shallow, forms a small islet, consisting of loose stones, at the end of this Scar, is a safe, but long passage; and about a mile further, in the same direction, is a Stream called Maisbeck, which divides Yorkshire from Westmoreland. This also you cross, to a little walled inclosure, with a few trees at the foot of a green hill. Here leave your

horse with the guide, and walk towards the Tees. The awful and tremendous grandeur of the sight that arrests your attention, is almost more than the mind can bear. A painful, pleasing expansion of heart—that internal sensation and best criterion of the true sublime—seizes you with instantaneous and overwhelming energy. Directly before you, the river is hurled headlong from rock to rock, in a deep recess, down the declivity of a mountain, all but perpendicular, for several hundred feet: and if it is possible that the horror of this scene can be aggravated, it is so by the uncouth aspect of the surrounding objects. This is the only situation, of easy access, and safe enjoyment, when gained, where you can command at once the whole view of this astonishing cataract; the course of its wildly-dashing stream not being in a direct line, but in many a devious bound. Ascend the hill to the wooden bridge,

which you will see at a dreadful height, and in the most romantic position, near the top of the Fall. It is a single plank, but broad and firm, with a railing (which has been but lately placed) on each side, so that you may safely cross it. The stand in the centre is sublime indeed!—not wholly divested of a sense of personal danger, you look downward, through a shaggy cleft, on the tumbling waters, wetting you with their spray, and shooting, in their most impetuous career, white as snow, and swifter than the arrow, beneath your feet!

The whole length of this Fall, from the commencement of the declivity, to the bed of the stream, below its last precipitation, is five hundred and ninety-six yards, nearly the whole of which is visible from the station above mentioned. The bridge crosses about twenty yards above the last Fall.

The Caldron Snout is a perfect contrast to the other Fall; and every part of its scenery is in the purest style of vast and gigantic sublimity. A little above the bridge, the river is a deep, lethargic pool, (called the Weel,) its banks being a dead level for near two miles; and from this circumstance, the name of the cataract, the "Caldron Snout," probably originates. Neither trouble nor fatigue should deter the Tourist from going rather beyond the nearest extremity of the Weel. The conception of a scene so wild and magnificent, is difficult. Its extreme stillness, and the desolate air of all you see, are even oppressive. Not a house, a tree, or inclosure of any kind, interrupt the boundless waste:—not one dash of cheerful green animates the black and dreary heath*: Chaos only could be

* Till very lately the native breed of Deer existed at this place; and sometimes a stray one, from parks in Scotland,

more terrific. The extensive grandeur of this view may be remotely conceived, when told, that this chain of moor-land extends, without any intersecting valleys, or stretch of level country of any considerable extent, from the borders of Scotland into Staffordshire.

It is practicable to pass over the moors from the Caldron Snout to Appleby, if you wish to prosecute your Tour to the Lakes without returning to Barnard Castle; but there are many bogs, which cannot be

is met with.—The writer had once the gratification of seeing, (what few, if any, may ever see,) a venerable goat, on the verge of a rock, mid-way in the cataract, and to which, or from which, no one could divine his course with safety, standing, intent only, in spite of every attempt to disturb him, on the rapid, foaming torrent; where probably he would so remain, until the effect upon his brain would draw him headlong into the abyss.

avoided, and the very best of the road, as far as Dufton, is along the stony channel of Maisbeck, or the edge of broken scats. There is one object worth seeing in this route—a huge chasm, in part of the range of Cross Fell, the sides of which are nearly perpendicular, and of an immense height, extending from top to bottom of the mountain, and opening to a wide and delightful country. At the northern extremity, on which you come very unexpectedly, it is a most stupendous and remarkable sight. In the maps, this is aptly called “Eagle’s Chair;” but by the country people known generally by the name of Highcup Scar*. To accomplish this scheme, the remainder

* An ingenious friend dignified it by the appellation of “Odin’s Hall,”—and a congregation of the mystic and gigantic beings of Saxon Mythology, would be no inappropriate groupe in the picture.

of the Tour should be anticipated, and the Traveller ought to sleep at Middleton the night before he sees the Falls.

In any other country than this, it would be difficult for the Tourist to finish his visit, so as to save himself from that sinking exhaustion which the mind suffers, when, after being stretched to the utmost in the comprehension of so much sublimity, she looks round for an object worthy to rest herself upon, in vain. But here, he may be taken down from the exalted height by a gentler transition, and gradually prepared for the enjoyment of those scenes to which he is hastening; and after visiting the Lakes, and with leisure to arrange his recollections, and disperse that confusion of images which crowd on the mind, when hastening through a succession of engaging objects, without allowing time for any to make a distinct impression; he

will perhaps admit, that this part of the Tour is by no means the least interesting, either to a philosopher or a loungeur. The highest pleasure, no more than the chief advantage, to be derived from travelling, cannot truly be said to be experienced at the moment. We may feel the most extensive pleasure at the first view of excellence, either in natural or moral objects; but that which arises from a discriminating taste, is usually the result from the calm enjoyment of a future hour.

Compared to the High Force and Caldron Saout, the ribband-like streams of Lowdore and Stockgill Force, indeed, dwindle into insignificance; and he will more than once make invidious comparisons, when he finds himself in situations like those I have introduced him to; but the giant Skiddaw, the rugged Borrodale, the delicious Grassmere, and the noble Ullswater, have no

parallels; and the mind should have some repose, before she enters on the contemplation of such magnificence and beauty. The whole remainder of the course of the Tees, and the dells of its tributary streams, abound with those soothing and bewitching pictures, which are calculated to produce this preparatory state. I shall only turn back to Cotherstone, and recommend the ride along the Tees banks from thence to Barnard Castle, at sun-set. Go through the town, and at the further end turn to the right, to a place called the Nabb*, a steep and high precipice at the confluence of the Boulder and Tees. On the summit is the ruin of an old castle, formerly belonging to the Fitzhugh family, one of whom is buried at Romaldkirk, nearly opposite. On the Durham side of the river, is Shipley-House, formerly a hunting seat of James the Second, and where the re-

* The country term for an elevated point.

mains of Iron-works have been discovered,
 From the mill below, proceed by Cowper-
 House to Towler Hill. Nothing richer, or
 more interesting, can well be conceived,
 than the landscapes of this charming ride
 in a fine evening. It is in vain to make
 distinctions, or to attempt description. The
 whole is beautiful alike, but varying every
 step in its features. A broad and rapid
 river, forcing itself between banks of dark
 oaks, interspersed with whitening rocks,
 forms but a small part of the conception
 that would do it justice. At Towler Hill,
 you have a grand view of the ruins of Bar-
 nard Castle, at the termination of a fine
 avenue of the Tees, of near a mile long;
 one bank of which is a magnificent hang-
 ing wood for the whole extent, and the
 other a verdant flat, but soon rising to a
 gentle swell, which bounds the eye, and
 directs it to an extensive prospect over the
 town into Richmondshire. You go to

Barnard Castle by the pasture just mentioned, called the Holme; the walk along which is highly commended by Gray in his "Traveller's Companion."

If the toil of the late expedition does not dishearten you, you may extend this very agreeably. Send your horse to the Cragg Bridge, about four miles, and walk thither up Deepdale, the winding valley which you see from the Flats. A greater variety of scenery than this valley exhibits, I have seldom seen in so short a space.

" Who in that dim-wood glen hath strayed,
Yet longed for Roslin's magic glade?
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change,
Even for that vale so stern and strange,
Where Cartland's crags, fantastic rent
Through her green copse like spires are sent?"

Rokeby, Canto 2.

You enter, by crossing the Mill-race; and pursue its channel, under a rock overshadowed with trees, whose pendant

branches and grotesque roots projecting over head, cast around a venerable gloom. Passing through a wood of considerable extent, various openings on soft and pastoral views present themselves. In general, the valley is contracted; but some parts widen, and inclose pieces of corn, in such sequestered woodland spots, that imagination will almost look for the rude and homely cot of a hermit cultivator. On advancing, wilder objects attract the eye. At the Clints, is a rock scene in every romantic diversity, much in the style of those at Gowbartow Park. The path becomes more arduous, being only practicable in the stony channel of the rivulet, till you reach a solid bed of rock, lying on a quick descent, over which the water trickles in a narrow but rapid current. Ascending this, the valley is contracted, to admit of a very pretty water-fall, by successive gradations, like that at Aysgarth (of about twenty feet), and when the

stream is full, extremely beautiful. The surrounding country has a wild and savage outline; and, though on a much less scale, will remind you of the Caldron Snout. A few fields above, is a romantic bridge, of one wide and high arch, from which is a very singular retrospect through the valley to the open country. From the Cragg, which is half a mile from this bridge, ride over the Fell on a good road to Cotherstone, and return by the banks. At Woden-Croft, a little beyond Cotherstone, you have a very extensive and luxuriant view, which is still improved at Ghestwick *; but this will be seen on your way to the Falls. To the westward are two insulated mountains, remarkable for their tabular shapes, called Gulesborough and Shuckelsborough.

* The frequent recurrence of Saxon names for places in this country, throws over them a mysterious interest, and excites curiosity.

From Barnard Castle to Bowes, (on the way to Appleby,) the road is nearly a continued ascent for about four miles; but though the turnpike is excellent, and the scenery very good the most of the way, I prefer a more circuitous route for the sake of a greater variety, and for the best general view of the country. After crossing the bridge, turn to the left, and take the road to the east of Startforth; leading to the high-road from Greta-Bridge to Bowes, which you enter about half way between them. At the top of the hill by Startforth, you have a pleasing picture of the town and environs of Barnard Castle, nearly similar to that seen on the return from the Abbey.

The Carlisle road leads through a fine avenue of trees, extending from Greta Bridge, for near three miles, to the foot of a hill near Bowes. You ascend this,

and the summit presents you with a very striking prospect over Stainmoor, opening upon you in a very singular and picturesque style; between two gentle and cultivated hills, on each side of the Greta; the left, crowned with the village of Gilmanby, built round a neat rural green, and sheltered by lofty trees; and the other covered by the town of Bowes, with its well-wooded garths, and the massy ruins of an old tower, rising in the midst. Beyond these is one dreary stretch of moor, varied only by the wild meandrings of the river, and the white line of the turnpike, as far as the eye can reach. To the west and north, you command the whole sweep of the Teesdale Tour from Rokeby (including Raby Park) to the mountains near the Caldron Snout. Many of the places already visited are distinctly seen; and he will be but a *cold-blooded* traveller, and feel no portion of the enthusiasm of a

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Tourist, who will not suffer his imagination to carry him back again to every one of its delightful scenes, while he is at this station. I have forsworn all positive description: Here, I shall say only, that the *tout-ensemble* fully answers the general ideas I have endeavoured to convey of the beauty of each particular part; and is of itself so interesting, that I should think the sight of it, alone sufficient to induce one to make this Tour.

Bowes is the ancient "Turris de Arcubus," from whence the town and the family of the late Lady Strathmore derive their names. The Castle is a square building; to the north and west much injured by time, but on the other two sides, tolerably perfect, though it has probably been higher by another story at least. The construction is rather peculiar, being proportionably of greater strength

than extent, and having corresponding entrances on the north and south sides, at a considerable height. For what particular purpose it may have been used, is differently conjectured. From some slight remains of buildings in an adjacent ground, it may have been the Keep, or the Observatory of an extensive castle. It is said to have been erected on the scite of the baths of the Roman Lavatre; but Mr. King's account of Conisbrough Castle in his learned work "*Munimenta Antiqua*," induces a doubt as to this, and a suggestion of the probability of a more remote and interesting origin. In the neighbourhood is a place still called *Laver-Pool*.

The church-yard has also a claim to attention. Bowes was the native place, and the real scene, of the hapless loves of "Edwin and Emma," whose story, in the affecting ballad of that name by Mallett, is too well known to the reader

of taste and sensibility to need a repetition.

A subscription was entered into for raising a fund to erect a monument to the memory of Roger Wrightson and Martha Railton, who were the unfortunate parties; but from various circumstances, this has not been effected.

About two miles from Bowes is a natural curiosity, well deserving notice, but very little known. Just before you leave the inclosures from Bowes upon Stainmoor, near the second mile-stone, you will see a single house by the road-side: leave your horse here, and walk down the opposite field, towards the Greta, which is at the bottom of it. A natural bridge of limestone rock, called, in the expressive language of a mountain district, "*God's Bridge*," or "*Trust Bridge*," here crosses the river, and forms the common carriage-

road: it is of an immense thickness, and has a complete arch-like perforation over the bed of the stream, through which its course may be traced to the other side. About one hundred yards below, the river leaves its channel, (a bare and solid rock,) and enters, by several cavities, into the southern bank, which is very high. Through this (as is evident from the manner in which it leaves and resumes the natural bed, and the noise which you may distinctly hear at various fissures) the water takes a subterraneous channel for near two hundred yards further, and then gushes out afresh in two or three places, like small caseades, at some elevation above the old channel. What distinguishes this from any other account I have seen of subterraneous rivers is, that the natural channel here is all the way marked, broad, firm, retentive, and on a quick descent, yet never has any water, but in times of high flood, when it seems

that the secret channel cannot contain the whole body. In others, usually, either the water sinks at once into the earth, and forms for itself an entire new bed under the surface, or else, where a channel is exposed, filters through the crevices, and, at length, bursts out in the manner of a fresh spring.

A few miles further is Rere or Rey Cross, said to mark the place where a treaty was concluded between the English and Scottish monarchs; and near this a Roman Camp on a commanding eminence, yet called Maiden Castle. At this place, sometimes denominated by the country people "the Grain Tree," from the streams here taking different courses, the traveller has fairly advanced into Westmoreland, and I commit him to other guides.

APPENDIX.

THE following LIST of rare Alpine Plants to be found in and near Teesdale, was obligingly communicated by Mr. OLIVER, Surgeon, at Middleton; a Gentleman to whom the Writer, with many other wanderers in his vicinity, is indebted for much personal civility and local information.

Arbutus Uva-ursi.

Bartsia alpina

Cistus marifolius.

Cratægus Aria.

Draba incana.

Dryas octopetala.

Gentiana verna.

Juncus triglumis.

Malaxis paludosa.

Melampyrum sylvaticum.

Ornithogalum luteum.

Potentilla fruticosa.

———— *verna.*

Ribes petræum.
 Rosa spinosissima.
 Rhodiola rosea.
 Rubus Chamæmorus.
 Saxifraga aizoides.
 ——— Hirculus.
 ——— platypetala.
 Sedum villosum.
 ——— Telephium.
 Thalictrum alpinum.
 Thlaspi alpestre.
 Tofieldia palustris.
 Vaccinium Oxycoccus.
 ——— Uliginosum.
 ——— Vitis-idœa.

THE END.

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